BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

VOL. I.—NO. 5.—FERGUSON & CONLEY, Publishers. LOUISA, LAWRENCE CO., KY., SEPTEMBER 24, 1885. OLD SERIES, VOL. III.—NO. 11

DAWNINGS.

A flush of light across the night
Which half reveals and half conceals
The things that are!
Beneath that light and fog-wreath white
Which comes and goes in ghostly shape
And floats afar!
Against the sky
The jet-black lines of lofty pines,
Whose million needle-leaves know how
At times to sigh,
And how to laugh; but now are hushed
As though in fear;
Or else that so they may not fail
Some call to hear
When heralds of the dawn appear.
And now there comes a deeper gleam—
Bright rays that seem
To steal space to every place:
A bat jerks west; an owl in quest
Of hollow trees drifts down the leas.
And hark!
A blue-bird sings; its music rings
'Twixt day and dark.

And now the lines of sentinel pines
That watch on high
The glory see; for the eastern gates
Of glittering pearl
Where the morning waits,
Wide open whirl,
And billows of gold the earth infold,

So, half concealed and half revealed,
By such a way has come the day.
The living light
Has blossomed from the darksome night.

But nought can show, and none can know
The moment fair—
All nameless now,
All fameless now—
Whose murky glow linked closely there
The darksome night with living light.

Yet give that moment now a name;
Yea, give it now a name of fame.
With bated breath
I name it—Death.

O soul forlorn,
Know Death is Dawn!
For Death conceals yet half reveals
The twilight way
That men must go, twixt star-lit life
And Heavenly day.

Hark, hark! How near, how sweet and clear
That day-bird sings!
As 'twere a song of Heavenly birth
The music rings
Above the earth.

—*Rev. Charles S. Newhall, in Chicago Advance.*

Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY G. C. POST.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF J. R. DOWNEY & CO., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

When this was all settled between them, and a memorandum of the whole matter made and carefully deposited in the pocket-book of Mr. Blake, that gentleman returned the pocket-book to his pocket, buttoned up his coat, and mounting his horse, rode back to town.

When he was gone Mrs. Parsons gave a sigh of relief.

"Well, I am glad it is all fixed up," she said, "and I shall feel better still when the deed is made and we are in possession. All the time he was here I was afraid that the trade would fall through some way, and I can not begin to tell how anxious I am to get away from here, or how I dreaded having to rent a place. I'd rather live in a hut and have it my own, than in a palace that belonged to another, and I am like Johnny; I begin to feel as if this awful mass that is about us might raise suddenly and swallow us all in a moment.

"Yes," replied her husband, "it is better that we go, though it's mortal hard to leave this place, which was the prettiest and best in the valley. But it don't make much odds, I s'pose, where one is, so they have enough to eat; and I guess we can git that up there

"I'll load up to-night, an' start to-morrow with the first load. It'll take me two days to make the round trip, an' hard days at that, but I'll put on all four of the horses and take all I kin pile on the wagon. Then I'll get Ritchie to help with the next load an' we'll take Johnny in the carriage an' make it all in two trips with somebody to drive the cows. You'd better write Jennie and Lucy, mother, an' tell 'em to come to Phippsburg, so's to meet us there when we go with the last load. That'll save comin' after 'em, an' they'll be thar to help you fix things when we git thar."

"Poor things, what a home-coming it will be to them," sighed Mrs. Parsons.

Nevertheless she wrote telling the girls what had occurred and how they must take the boat on the night of the day on which they would get the letter. They were to get off at Phippsburg instead of the old landing and wait at the hotel until their parents called for them on their way to the new home up in the mountains.

This letter John Parsons mailed the next day, while his teams were eating and resting from the pull over the hills with their load of household goods.

That night he slept in the shanty upon the place which he had bought, and the following day returned to his family and the doomed cottage.

With the help of a neighbor he loaded the remainder of his worldly possessions upon the two wagons, the heavy one and the spring fruit wagon This neighbor was to drive one team and Mr. Ritchie volunteered the use of another animal to attach to the carriage in which was Mrs. Parsons with Johnny propped up among his pillows.

It was a sad leaving of the old home. The muddy water was now entering over the front steps and beginning to form pools on all the lower floors Only the topmost twigs of the apple and pear trees, which were in lower ground than the house, and portions of evergreens in the front yard were above the deposit. Every other green thing upon the valuable portion of the ranch had disappeared entirely from sight.

Martha Parsons wept as she took a last look at the place, and yet she was at heart glad to get away.

It was like a nightmare, staying there and seeing that mass of mud and water rise day by day. And besides, however poor their home might be, it was henceforth the only one they were to know, and she was anxious to get into it and begin the work of improvement.

As for John Parsons, he looked neither to the right nor to the left. He did not even turn his head for a last look at the old place as he rounded the hill that shut it from their view.

Pride and ambition were well nigh dead within him, and he hoped for nothing beyond a bare existence for the rest of his life.

He would come back, he thought, when the roads got good again, and if the buildings were not burned down, would tear off some of the boards from such portions as were not buried by the overflow, and use them to help patch up with, on the new ranch. Beyond that the place was absolutely worthless, and probably some tramping miner would carelessly set fire to the buildings after having camped in them over night.

The fleeing family had perhaps placed a distance of three miles between themselves and their ruined home when from the other direction appeared two horsemen.

As they came opposite the cottage, they looked for evidences of the presence of its former inmates, but did not pull up their animals.

"Evidently, they, too, have pulled out," remarked one of the horsemen to his companion. "I say, Jobbers, it's pretty hard, now, on the poor ranchers, and I'll be hanged if I don't wish there was some way of getting out the gold without ruining their homes. Look there now; finest ranch and finest family in the whole country. Ranch gone to the dogs and the family gone, God only knows where."

"Oh 'e's all right," returned the other. "'E'll get another bit of land some'er's and go to work again, and in a few years 'e'll 'ave it all set out with trees and grape-vines. Great country, this for, a man as 'as to work for 'is livin'; great country, and w'en I return to Hingland I intend to hadvise all my farmer hacquaintances to hemigrate to California."

And then the two men relapsed into silence and rode on. The next day Mr. Jobbers took the boat for Sacramento, and from there went to New York, from whence he returned to his own country, fully impressed with the idea that however rough a life it might be in the mines for gentlemen, California was a great place for men who work for a living, and is to-day probably advising every farmer whom he meets to "hemigrate."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MOUNTAIN RANCH

It was high noon when our friends reached Phippsburg, and they were still fifteen miles from the new home to which they were going.

The girls had not yet arrived, the steamer on which they had taken passage having grounded upon a bar formed from the washing from the mines.

Johnny, too, was complaining of his back, and his parents feared to take him further that day over the rough roads.

It was decided, therefore, that Mrs. Parsons and Johnny should remain at the hotel in Phippsburg, while the men went on with the goods, and that on the morrow when they returned, the heavy wagon and carriage with the team which Mr. Blake was to have should be turned over to him and the family should go on in the spring wagon.

Small as it was, the expense of remaining at the hotel was a sad draw on the few remaining dollars in the possession of John and Martha Parsons, but it could not be helped and the teams drove on and left them.

Towards evening the boat arrived, and on it came Jennie and Lucy. Mrs. Parsons could not leave Johnny to go down to the landing, but watched at the hotel window and beckoned to them as they came up the opposite side of the street.

When the girls saw their mother they hurried across the street to the hotel and into the sitting-room where she awaited them, and in another moment all three were crying upon each others' shoulders.

"Oh mother, mother, it's awful to think that the old place is lost, buried by the overflow from those mines; is there no way to save it? Can't it be floated off again?" sobbed Lucy, her whole frame shaking with excitement. "I can't bear to live and know that you and father are driven out of your comfortable home and forced to begin on a piece of wild land again. I wish you would go to town and live and let me teach school and support you. I'm sure I could do it."

"You must not take it so hard, dears," returned their mother, still holding the girls close to her. "True, it is very sad to be obliged to give up the old home, but no doubt we shall be very comfortable on the new place when we get it fixed up a little. What hurts me most is the knowledge that we may never be able to visit you if you go so far away as I suppose you will do when you are married to Mr. Annelsey."

"I'll never marry, mother, never," sobbed Lucy. "I have written Mr. Annelsey and broken off our engagement, and am going to stay with you and father and help take care of Johnny as long as I live. You need not say a word against it, for it is too late; the letter is half way to New York by this time."

To say that Mrs. Parsons was greatly surprised at this would be but to state the truth. To say that she greatly regretted it would not be so true.

She had felt a certain degree of pride in the thought that Lucy would marry wealthy, and had sought to obtain comfort for the supposed coming separation in the knowledge that her daughter could want for nothing which wealth could buy, yet at times had feared that Lucy might not find happiness in the union, and wondered if it would not have been better for her to have married Erastus.

Especially since the last great trouble had come upon them, and she saw how her husband was breaking under it, she could not help thinking how much comfort it would have been to him, and to herself, if the young folks could have found their happiness in wedding each other and remaining with or near them in their old age. And now, while she scolded Lucy a little for her haste in the matter, she could not but feel thankful at heart that her child was not to go from her, at least for the present.

Jennie joined her sister in deploring the loss of their old home, and wept aloud and violently when her mother spoke of separation, but she did not offer to teach school to support her parents, and when her mother gently bade her cease to weep she wept the harder and clung the more closely

"Come, Jennie," said Mrs. Parsons, finally, "you really must cheer up, dear. It is not so bad but it might be worse. We have each other yet and no doubt shall get on nicely in the new home, and when Mr. Ensign gets ready, you and he can be married and live in San Francisco, which is not so far away but that you can come home and see us once in awhile, and may be we can visit you—why Jennie, what is the matter; have you broken with Mr. Ensign also?"

But Jennie only cried the harder and clung the closer with her face hidden upon her mother's shoulder.

Seeing the inability of her sister to speak, Lucy said: "Jennie is married already, mother, and she and Mr. Ensign are to start for Chicago next week.

"Mr. Ensign came to see her the night that we got your letter telling us of the breaking of the dam, and found us crying, and when we told him about it he urged Jennie to marry him at once, and finally she consented, and he went and got a clergyman, and we all went down into the Professor's parlor and saw them married."

"I sh-shall ne-never forgive m-self in-in the world if you are angry with me," sobbed Jennie. "You know you-you wrote in the letter that-that we—"

"Yes, dear, I know," said Mrs. Parsons, soothingly, stroking Jennie's hair the while, "I wrote you that if your lovers urged a speedy marriage your father and I would not object. So you have done nothing wrong, and I am sure Mr. Ensign will make you a good, kind husband, and I hope you will be very happy. I am only sorry that you are going so far away. Can not Mr. Ensign find work in San Francisco?"

At this Jennie began to check her sobs, and from the two girls their mother learned the whole story.

Ensign had chanced to meet a gentleman from Chicago for whom he had worked before he came to the coast, and who now offered him a position at good wages with the prospect of a foremanship in a short time, if he would return to Chicago and the old shop. As wages were not so good in San Francisco as formerly, and there were rumors of the factory shutting down entirely, he had decided to accept the offer, provided Jennie would go with him as his wife, and going to consult her with little hope that she would consent to so hasty a marriage, had arrived just as the girls were in their deepest distress over the news from home. Taking advantage of the situation he urged an instant marriage, which ended in Jennie's sobbing out a consent upon his shoulder, and the young man had gone at once for the pastor of a church and had the ceremony performed in the presence of the family with whom the girls were rooming.

He was to come for Jennie in a few days—as soon as he could arrange some little matters of business, and they were to go to Sacramento by boat and from there by rail to Chicago.

"And so I am to lose one of my girls after all," said Mrs. Parsons, when they had finished. "Well, if you are only happy, dear, I will try and not be sorry that you are going."

The next day when Mr. Parsons returned he hugged and kissed the girls in a boisterous manner, which he intended as a cover for his feelings over the loss of the old place and their changed circumstances.

Then he went to Mr Blake's office, delivered up the horses, wagon and carriage, and gave him a bill of sale for the hogs and the houshold goods which he was to have, and which he had left by agreement at a neighbor's.

In return he received a warranty deed to the new place, made by his request and without her knowledge in the name of his wife.

He did not do this for the purpose of defrauding any one, for he owed no man a dollar, but he had lost all pride in ownership, and somehow felt that honor required that, having failed to protect his own rights and guard his family from suffering, he should now resign all claim to the direction of affairs and place what little was left of their fortune in the hands of her who, equally with himself, had aided in accumulating all that was lost, as well as all that remained.

Accompanying the deed was an abstract of title signed by the Recorder of Deeds for the county, showing that there were no mortgages on record against the land therein described, and that the title thereto was in the name of Mr. Blake.

Not daring to trust to his own knowledge of such things, Mr. Parsons took the abstract and deed to the landlord of the hotel, whom he thought a man likely to be possessed of some knowledge of business. The landlord looked them over and pronounced them all right.

Determined to have no lingering doubts to worry him hereafter, Mr. Parsons then sought out the village lawyer, and submitted them to him also.

That gentleman glanced them over and replied:

"It's all right, sir; all right."

"Land entered by John Smith, who sells to Peter Jones. Deed signed by John Smith and Hannah E. Smith, his wife. They sell to Thomas R. Blake. Thomas R. Blake and Mary S. Blake deed to Martha J. Parsons.

"No mortgage appears upon the records in my office against the above described land.
"ENOS PUTNERAUGH, Recorder."

"That's all right. Title in your wife. Nobody can get it away from you, sir."

"That's what I thought every time afore," muttered John Parsons to himself as he left the office, "but they did it all the same. But may be as this place ain't worth much and ain't never likely to be, they'll leave us in peace the rest of our lives."

It was near the middle of the afternoon when the family found themselves in the spring wagon and on their way.

The road wound round and round the hills, now up, now down, rocky and full of gullies washed by the rains; never being repaired except when it became absolutely impassable, and in spite of the careful driving of his father the rough jolting hurt Johnny, sometimes causing him to cry out with pain.

Night overtook them when they were several miles from their journey's end, making it still more difficult to travel with any speed, so that it was ten o'clock when they turned their tired and jaded horses off the main road into a by-track to the right, and a quarter of a mile further on pulled up in front of a cheap, unpainted board shanty—their new home upon the mountain side.

It was too late to think of doing anything except to make a cup of coffee and bunk down in the easiest way possible for the night.

Mr. Parsons, with the assistance of the neighbor who came with him the day before, had put up a cook-stove and made a bunk for themselves on the floor, which remained just as they had crawled out of it in the morning. Another similar one was now made up in another corner of the room, and upon these the family slept, except Johnny, who occupied his wheeled cot, it having been the last thing packed on the wagon before leaving the old home.

When they arose the next morning the sun was shining over the mountain tops, and doing the best it could to make the scene a pleasant one.

Mr. Parsons hastily slipped on his clothes and went out to look to the horses.

Mrs. Parsons and the girls also dressed hurriedly and then stepped to the door and looked out. It had been too dark to see much the night before, and they had been too utterly tired out to try to see even the little that might have been seen, but now they were eager to know how the place really did look.

A sad enough contrast it was to the old home. Instead of a white cottage with its green blinds and wide open verandas, their dwelling was a rough shanty of boards nailed perpendicularly to the framework, resembling in this respect the one which they had occupied for a few days on the Suscol ranch. But instead of being sixteen feet in length, these boards were but ten feet long, and as a consequence there was no loft above as in the Suscol cottage.

The interior was ceiled with cotton cloth, but there were no little nicely made conveniences: no sink; no cupboard; no partition; no porch over the door. All was in one room and all was cheap and rough.

Outside, the view was no more cheering. The shanty stood well up on the hill or mountain. Below, and for a little distance, both in front and in the rear, was a piece of tolerably level ground, perhaps forty acres in all, which declined gently to the west, ending in a ravine, beyond which the earth became broken and rocky again.

Above the shanty the ground sloped upwards with a sharper pitch for a few hundred feet and then rose rapidly, becoming more and more precipitous, until it reached the summit a third of a mile away.

In places portions of the solid rock foundation projected through the barren soil, while in others immense detached bowlders, weighing hundreds of tons, lay only slightly imbedded in the earth and looking as if a push would send them crashing down the mountain side.

Here and there stood a digger pine, its blue-green spines looking, in the distance, like bunches of thick smoke.

These, with a few scattering white oaks, half denuded of their limbs by the tempests, and an occasional clump of manzineto bushes, were the only vegetation which grew here, except where some large bowlder formed a slight protection from the wind, and prevented the rains from washing away the thin coating of earth below it, might be found a few bunches of coarse wild grass.

A fence of boards had been thrown around the tillable ground by the last occupants, but this was down in places, and only added to the general look of isolation and decay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COMMONWEALTH.

Louisville Leaf Tobacco Market.

There has been little change in the market since last report. We quote 1884 tobaccos as follows for full-weight packages:

	Dark and Heavy.	Burley.
Trash	$3 75@4 00	$ 3 75@4 50
Common lugs	4 25@4 75	4 75@5 00
Medium lugs	5 00@5 25	5 50@6 00
Good lugs	5 50@6 00	6 25@6 75
Common leaf	6 75@7 50	7 00@7 50
Medium leaf	7 50@9 00	9 00@11 50
Good leaf	9 25@10 50	13 00@16 00
Fancy leaf	13 00@17 00	16 50@22 00

Miscellaneous Items.

BETWEEN chewing tobacco and eating cold pie, the city of Louisville appears to be on quite a boom.

THE "pink-eye" has again attacked the horses of Paducah. A large number of fine animals are suffering from the disease, and it is thought that many of them will die.

GOVERNOR KNOTT has appointed Hon. Wm. B. Harrison, Lebanon; Hon. Clarence U. McElroy, Bowling Green; and Hon. Malcolm Yeaman, Henderson, as special Judges of the Superior Court to try the case of John J. Cornelison, Mt. Sterling, vs. the Commonwealth, on appeal from his sentence of three years for horsewhipping Judge Reid.

A LITTLE daughter of Abner Lyman, of Carlisle, fell into a well a few days ago, and was drowned.

JAMES STIVERS has been arrested for the murder of James Neal, at Athens, on election day.

MUCH sickness is reported in Robertson County.

THE Hickman *Courier* says: "With all the talk of 'hard times' there is much more improvements in progress in Fulton County than for many years past. Go in any direction in this county and you see new houses, dwellings, barns, stables, tenement houses, new fences, etc. When a people can make all these improvements it is time to quit talking hard times.'"

FOR the past year or more Miss Sallie McDonald, of Boyle County, has been afflicted with a spinal complaint, and has been bedridden during the whole time. The other day she was visited by Rev. Mr. Burchfield, of Cincinnati, who prayed with her and received from her assurance that she had faith that God could and would restore her to health. After the religious exercises Mr. Burchfield placed his hands upon her head, when she arose perfectly restored. Up to this time she has suffered no relapse, and says that she has no apprehension that she will. Miss McDonald is the daughter of Jessie McDonald, a respectable citizen of that county, and is herself a perfectly reliable lady. Mr. Burchfield took part at the recent camp-meeting at Junction City, where he was known as the "happy preacher."

THE three-year-old son of L. McGraw, a resident of Madisonville, while strolling around the premises of the father, the other evening, fell into a well of water which chanced to be partially uncovered, and was drowned. Mrs. McGraw was entertaining a company of ladies at the time of the accident, and had not noticed the absence of the child from the house, thinking it was in the servants' room, where it frequently spent a portion of its time. On the departure of the ladies Mrs. McGraw began a search for the child in the neighborhood, gathering a number of persons as the search progressed. Finally, upon some one going to the well, the dead child was found floating upon the water. Mr. McGraw, when informed of the death of his child, was thrown into violent convulsions, and at last accounts was lying in an unconscious state, and it was feared that his reason is permanently dethroned.

THE present term of the Madison Circuit Court has 497 criminal cases on its docket, nine of which are indictments for murder.

MR. OLIVER CROMWELL and Mrs. Polly Cosby were married in Graves County recently. The groom is in his eightieth year, and the blushing bride one year his junior.

A THREE story mill has been built at Clinton.

THE Kentucky Lumber Company is constructing a new saw mill at Burnsides; capacity from 50 to 75 M. per day.

A LAWSUIT of importance to all the sporting fraternity of the State was filed in the Franklin Circuit Court a few days ago, and the decision of the trial will be watched with interest. Fifteen months ago Mr. W. L. Collins, who was then Sheriff of Franklin County, and Mr. John W. Gaines were contestants for the nomination. A Democratic primary election was called, and before it came off Gaines made a bet of $500 with Mr. James T. Larkins, who was a friend and supporter of Collins, that he would defeat Collins. The money was put up, and when the primary came off Gaines was victorious and the $1,000 was handed over to him by the stakeholder. Under the laws of Kentucky, if the loser of the bet brings suit within six after the bet was made he can recover the amount of money lost by him, but if he refuses to bring suit within that time a third party can bring suit against the winner for treble the amount won from the loser. In this case the "third party" brings the suit for $1,500, it being treble the amount lost by Larkins.

ERNST BRYANT, son of Jerome M. Bryant, of Louisville, died the other day after a strange illness of about three months, which attacked another son about the same time. The disease at first resembled hydrophobia, being succeeded by convulsions of a different type, ending in catalepsy, from which the child recovered, and related the most wonderful stories of heavenly millions of angels, golden streets and other beauties of the other world. His death, however, soon followed, and the brother is not expected to recover. Physicians are at a loss to explain the nature of the disease.

As the guards were removing Jack Ballard, sentenced by the Owingsville Circuit Court to penitentiary for life, his brothers, Jim and Moss, attempted to rescue him. They were both shot and killed instantly by the guards; the fugitive was recaptured.

CLASHING POLES.

Blood Drawn Over a Church Quarrel.

The Police Charge on the Crowd and Disperse the Rioters.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., September 10.—Disagreement in St. Hedwy's Polish Catholic Church, which has been brewing for some time, culminated in a bloody row and the narrow escape of the priest and several others from death to-day. The question at issue has been the management of the parochial school connected with the church. The priest and a part of the church membership have been in favor of placing the school entirely in the hands of the nuns; others favored continuing the management in the hands of the principal, who has been very popular. The priest took advantage of the technical authority possessed by him as the Ecclesiastical Director of school affairs and at mass announced that the change which he desired would take place at once. It so happened that the principal of the school was the organist of the church. He refused to play the organ, and the excitement grew so intense that the services were brought to an abrupt close. Representatives of both sides of the controversy immediately waited on the priest at his home to argue the matter, and a crowd collected outside the house. The discussion between the friends and the opponents of the priest grew heated, and finally took on a pugilistic form. The noise inside the house was taken up outside, and the cry spread that the priest was being killed. Thousands of Poles live in that part of the city, and all, men, women and children, rushed to the place. The fight inside the house was taken up outside, and the most terrific excitement ensued. Fists, clubs and knives were used, and blood flowed freely. The three police officers stationed in that part of the city were powerless to stop the fight, and assistance was asked from the Central Station. Two patrol wagon-loads of officers went to the rescue. The horses were driven on a gallop into the crowd. The priest was rescued unharmed, and taken to a neighboring house, where he has since been, protected by a guard of police. Six of the ring-leaders of the riot were arrested, and will be examined in Court to-morrow morning. Nobody was killed, but a large number were wounded.

A Novel and Effective Fire Extinguisher.

WASHINGTON, September 20.—There has been a very successful test of a steam gun designed for use in extinguishing fires. It consists of a long brass tube which is attached by a hose to an ordinary fire engine. It is a breech-loader, and throws glass grenades filled with an extinguishing mixture. The trial was made on the monument lot. In the test the maximum pressure of steam used was sixty-five pounds. Under such an impetus the projectiles rose to about the height of the monument against a very strong breeze, and fell a long way out on the reclaimed flats. This was an excessive pressure, and was given merely to show the capabilities of the gun. The pressure was then brought down to about forty pounds, when a flight of projectiles rose in quick succession to the height of our highest buildings under the deft handling of the breech-block and steam-controlling valve by the gentleman in charge.

An Elopement Miscarries.

CHICAGO, September 20.—Dernier Mayer, a handsome girl of about nineteen, and Abraham Michael, a decent-looking young man of twenty or thereabouts, each being respectively daughter and clerk of Mayer pere, who keeps a store in Goshen, Ind., came to Chicago together last night, and found an asylum with a brother of the clerk, who lives on Fulton Avenue. The pair were to have been married to-day, but the early arrival of the young lady's father, accompanied by a couple of officers, changed their plans. Miss Mayer was induced to recognize the folly of marrying without hope of receiving the parental blessing, and young Michael was informed that he could take a last farewell of his late sweetheart at the depot. He was at the Union Depot promptly on time, where a note was given him saying the father and daughter had taken the train at Twenty-second street.

Canada's Pest.

MONTREAL, September 19.—The official report made at the Health office to-day shows that there were thirty-three deaths from small-pox in this city yesterday. Six cases were reported at L'Assumption, some miles down the river, and two at Sorel. The Provincial Board has ordered that all the inmates of the city prisons be vaccinated.

Collecting Fare With a Club.

CALIFORNIA, PA., September 20.—A deckhand on the steamer James G. Blaine attacked John Kain with a bludgeon last evening, inflicting injuries that will likely prove fatal. Kain refused to pay his fare, claiming that he had already paid. The deckhand, whose name is unknown, has not been arrested.

An Insane Editor Kills Himself.

BOSTON, September 20.—Francis O'Donnell, formerly editor of the Roxbury *Gazette*, became insane to-day and was taken to a physician to have his condition examined, when he seized a dish on the table, smashed it, and cut his throat with the fragments, tore the wound open with his hands, and dropped dead.

Greatest Foundry in the Country.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 19.—The cornerstone of the Union Foundry, which, when completed, will be the largest iron works in the United States, was laid to-day. Peter Donahue is the principal stockholder. The building will cost $400,000.

She Avoided the Fine.

CAIRO, ILL., September 20.—Last night Ellen Law, colored, aged sixteen, took morphine and died, to avoid going to jail, in default of the payment of fines to the amount of $60, in the Police Court under city ordinances.

Tossed by a Mad Bull.

EVANSVILLE, IND., September 20.—William Bedford, an old citizen, well known in racing circles throughout the Union, was terribly injured to-day by a mad bull, and will probably die.